AND THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

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The Peers last night threw out the Deceased Wife's sister bill by a majority of five against the third reading. The step is an extraordinary one from all points of view. It is customary to regard the second reading of a bill as the decisive stage. If the second reading is carried, the principle of a measure is affirmed, and its opponents thereafter confine their efforts to impairing the efficiency of it "amendments" in committee. Through this atter process this bill had passed, not unscathed. Sundry compromises, on which I need not now dwell, had been agreed to by Lord Dalhousie, or had been forced upon him, and according to all the ordinary rules of warfare the friends of the bill had a right to consider it safe. But between the second reading and the report, various things had happened. I described the other day the attacks which the Church press had made upon the Bish ops, and the reproach they had incurred among the ost bigoted of their flocks on account of what was thought the lukewarmness of their resistance to this "incest bill." Less publicly, but not less effectively, pressure had been put on the lay Peers, of whom many are peculiarly succeptible to clerical influence. The result of all this was that Lord Beauchamp in behalf of the Duke of Marlborough gave notice that the rejection of the bill would be moved. The notice had an appearance of fairness. Time shough was given to rally the supporters of the measure, if time were of the essence of this question. But the hostility of the Church is more energetic and is better organized for an emergency than the friendship of the Dissenters who are its leading supporters. The band of 165 who carried the second reading were dispersed over the king Some had gone to the Orkneys, some were in Ireland, some were at the Newcastle races. Lord Dalhousie's management has been excellent throughout, and his efforts to recall them were energetic. Enough of them returned to make the division again one of the largest known in the history of the House of Lords. But the result was as

The Bishops, of course, turned the scale. With out their seventeen votes against it, the measure would have passed, and they have therefore contrived to raise again in a singularly definite form the question, Why Bishops have seats and votes in one branch of the Legislature. The historical answer we all know, but the historical view is not to-day the most important one. Time was when, with a majority of Englishmen, it was sufficient to say that a thing always has been, or has been for a long time. They assumed that it was rightly so, and ought to remain so. That spirit has given way to a very different one. If the Bishops were wise, they would not give occasion for this sort of inquiry. Wise they may be in matters spiritual, but as children of this world they have a way of doing mmonly foolish things. They have taken a very conspicuous part in opposing a bill on which a great many people have set their hearts. They are unanimous against it. They have succeeded in throwing it out by purely episcopal votes. The majority, the very large majority, of the House of mous is known to be for the bill. Who and what are the Bishops of the Church of England that they should be able to defeat the known will of the ejected representatives of the people of England ? They are clergymen, and the office of clergyman is deemed in the House of Commons too holy to be profaned by contact with the business of law-making. A clergyman cannot be a member of the House of Commons, but in the so-called Upper House he can and does sit. Calling him a Bishop does not make him the less a minister of religion. He is, in point of law, the nominee of the Crown. In point of fact he is the nominee of the Prime Minister. Some of the men who formed last night's majority were made Lords Spiritual by the late Lord Beaconsided; some by his predecessors; a few by Mr. Gladstone. They are a clique inside a clique; paid partisans of a Church which does not number sjority of Englishmen as members, in a Chamber which is a relic of hereditary privilege. The argument for abolishing the legislative authority of the House of Peers is a very strong one. It becomes irresistible if the prerogatives of the Lords Temporal are, as we are told, indissolubly bound up with se of the Lords Spiritual. People will not stand such an anomaly torever. So long as the Bishops are merely ridiculous, they are tolerated. If they become offensive they will be swept aside.

Yesterday they were both ridiculous and offensive. As a spectacle they are unique. The House of imposing body. The chamber is an imposing one, if you like, but its 1ed benches are usually tenanted, during the sittings of the House, by half a dozen, or possibly on special occasions by twenty gentlemen, mostly middle-aged, or past middle age, whose proceedings reach the uttermost depth of dulness. The able men among them display ability on great occasions, but it is for great occasions that they reserve their abilities. A section of the house on the right of the Lord Chancellor and behind the front Ministerial Bench is assigned to the Bishops. It is generally empty. Last night it was nearly There sat some seventeen elderly persons in episcopal robes, their puffed lawn sleeves suggesting in a rather curious way that a feminine element, not youthful either, had somehow found its way into the house. Look at their faces. The stamp of their profession is on them. Nobedy uld say that these are men of the world, or mer or business, or men of affairs. The pinched lips, the eyes mostly too near together, the skin drawn firmly over cheek and chin, the sloping corners of r months, the air of sanctimony, the air of always posing before the world as superior beings with a divine mission and a divine sanction for acts sometimes certainly not human-all this and much more you may see, the most casual observer may see,—as he glauces at this phalanx of spiritual legislators. Good men, of pure lives in their vocation, and useful as ecclesiastical administrators they all are, I freely grant. But their whole teach ing, their studies, their lives of pastoral labor, have utterly unfitted them for the business of law-mak ing, and it is this unfitness of which I read the signs in their faces and bearing. Intolerance is branded on almost every brow. A Bishop could hardly be a Bishop if he were not intolerant. His yow binds him to recognize but one church out of many, and outside of the pale of his one church no odr has any rights that he, as a functionary of the Church, is bound to respect or permitted to respect. What sort of people are these to intrust with authority ever the interests of a whole community, made up of members of many churches and of rio church at all ? The Bishop of Lincoln is speaking as I go in

sly one of the least tolerant of his order It needs only to shut one's eyes to farcy one's self inja edral, or, I will add without meaning to be rude, in a conventicle. The tone is greasy-there s no other word for it. The manner is the manne is no other word for it. The manner is the manner of the pulpit. He conforms to the custom of the place in addressing his audience as "my lords," but my lords scands in every car as "my beloved brethren." His argument—but of argument he has mone, or none that is calculated to reach any car less spiritualized and unpractical than his own. He was firmly convinced that this bill was an infracture of the Diving law. on of the Divine law. Marriage was ded on Hely Scripture and maintained by the as Church. Its laws had been unhappily bunished by the secular powers of Germany and America, but had found a refuge and anylum in England, and a shelter in their lordships' House. Divine laws and were reaping a miserable est from their own acts. To follow their example so far as to pass this bill, would affect, affirmed this Bishop of Lincoln, the national instiaffirmed this Bishop of Lincoln, the national insti-tutions of England; nay, its results might be felt in their lerdships' House, and even by the mon-archy itself. Hence in the Divine name, he raised his voice against a measure vice against a measure sure to be followed stations of Divine punishment.

That, I do assure you, is a fair account of the closing portion of this Bishoo's speech—the only portion I heard. Did you ever read anything more reclassors, considered as a speech weant to infinence

egislation on a subject fully within the competence of a legislature?

After him, smid loud cries of "Divide, divide,"

rose the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Temple. His name vas once the rallying-cry for the Liberalism of the Church of England. He was one of the authors of Essays and Reviews." When he was made Bishop, the Church shook to its centre. All the forces of bigotry within and without, consecrated nd unconsecrated, strove against him, anthematized him-would gladly have burnt bim, if they could But Bishop he none the less became, and during the twenty years that have since passed he has been busily engaged in burning what he once adored, and wee versa. He withdrew his essay. He recanted, not all at once, but by degrees, his radicalism. He bought his peace by concessions of what had once been matter of principle with him, and of onscience. He had once, for example, been willing that the nusband should warry his deceased wife's sister. He now stood up to declaim against his doing it. Processes of spiritual change are always nteresting, and one would have been glad to hear t came about that Dr. Temple had been converted rom a friend into a fee of this measure. But all we were allowed to know about the matter was this: that every successive year of study had always wrought the conviction deeper and deeper in his mind that there was a Divine purpose in the matter. His account of the principle on which the narriage law depended was equally mysterious. The principle is the consecration of the family : the purpose was to defend and guard the household, " to consecrate the circle within which there should be the warmest, the strongest, the deepest affection, but not the very slightest touch or breath of passion,"—not even, I suppose, between husband and wife themselves. Within this Shaker circle they are to live, declared the Bishop, as the angels n Heaven. I will do the Lords the justice to say that a smile ran round the benches as this episcopa nonsense gashed forth. I have not room to quete more of it, but Dr. Temple's proposition of a couse rated, charmed, passionless circle would practically keep a governess out of the house, or, for aught 1 can see, a housemaid or cook as well.

The instant response of the Liberal press to this piscopal demonstration is a proposal to exclude the Bishop from the House of Lords. It is likely enough that an agitation for this purpose may be fore long take some practical shape. I heard one Liberal member say such a proposal would get a large vote in the House of Commons at once. I heard another say he was now ready to vote for disestablishment. A Liberal Peer, who stands by his order, declared, with no little bitterness, that yesterday's proceedings were a blow struck at the legislative existence of the Lords. And the Lords, as everybody knows, are likely some day to be a much-needed bulwark between the Church and Disestablishment. In whatever way you look at it, the Bishops have done a foolish act foolish with reference to their own interests and the interests of their Church. They have not defeated the measure. They have only delayed it. They would all admit that it is certain to pass sooner or later. Bet in order to postpone the inevitable another twelvemonth and to indulge themselves in a demonstration of natred against Dussent, the Bishops have made the question of their own position a burning one, and have brought a fresh danger upon the Church they govern.

LONDON GOSSIP.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES ON ENGLISH TOPICS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE There is joy in the tents of Edmund Yates. for it is preity clearly understood that the Lonsdale libel case will go no further. My special informant, who knows the minds of the Judges before those important etionaries have made them up, tells me that there is no chance of their agreeing, and that the knotty question of the authority of Parliament interfering unwittingly with that of the Court of Queen's Bench will not be authoritatively decided. To the non-legal mind it seems absurd to maintain that an Act of Parliament could not have been intended to interfere with the fun > tions of the Queen's Bench, but lawyers always assume s mysterious air when the jurisdiction of some super-unnuated tribunal is called in question. There is also a hopeless muddle about the Labouchere affair, in which the editor and proprietor of Truth accused the father of mbrosa of making sausages for army stores out of dead soldiers. And the Belt case hangs fire, also owing to the judges, who it is said cannot com

fortably agree upon it. There are complaints, long and loud, with you as with us, against trial by jury. But it must be urged that jurymen do come to an end somehow—except in Ireland, whereas judges simply play a game of battledoor and are the shuttlecocks.

bourne, the wind-up of a very hard week for him. Just at this time of year the Heir Apparent has to make a kind of business of pieasure. So many people want to make this portly young Lochinvar dance at their merrymakings that it is wonderful how he gets through it all.

Another problem is how the Prince maintains his complexion, which is clearer than that of balf the women of fashion. His swiftness of travelling, of getting through fashion. His swittness of transmission is a speech or a dinner, is only equalled by his power of a speech or a dinner, is only equalled by his power of a strong his contract to the st hend that much of his love for actors arises from fondness for sitting up late. What the Prince wants is somebody to ful tenir tête about 2 o'clock in the morning. Hence Mr. Toole and Mr. Coghlan are prime favorites of his. But his nearest follower or henchman is Lore Clonmel, an Irish peer of Berdolpulan aspect, red as to Done and goggly as to eyes, but as perfect a stayer as Barcaldine, the great Irish horse, himself. Never gay, witty or humorous, Lord Clounel will see gayety, wit and numor under the table twice over and then take his B. and S." like an accomplished man of the world as

There are people, men of the world, who madden one They never say any but foolish things and never do any but wise ones. A transendous middle-aged "masher" whom I happen to know, after talking infinite trash about Barcaldine's injury and stoppage in his work on the eve of the Northumbrian Plate being what he called "all kid," backed his opinion for a "monkey" and landed his bet triumphantly. Now the horse undoubtedly was very queer a week ago, but apparently got well to oblige the blundering but lucky individual in question.

Science and society have sustained a severe loss William Spettiswoode, past president of the Royal Society and perpetual vice-president of the same. Mr. Society and perpetual vice-president of the same. Mr. Spottiswoode is one of the three famous mathematicians who were humorously said to write for an audience of two, as the world outside of the triangle could make naught of their pet problems. Mr. Spottiswoode was also a famous electrician and had a splendid physical laboratory in his house in Grosvenor-place. He was also Machine Machine Polymers to the Court of the also Hereditary Printer to the Queen, a title of which he was very proud, after the manner of this country. When he wout to Oxford and was entered at Ballio College, he wrote his rank down as "Queen's Printer," to the great amusement and enjoyment of the dons. He was a fine fellow in every way and a martyr to socia

If ever a man heartfly echoed Sir George If ever a man heartily echoed Bir George Cornewall Lewis's remark that "life would be telerable if it were not for its amusements." that man was William Spottia-woode. Nature had made him a man of science, quiet and abstracted in manner, gentle, modest and unambi-tious. But unluckily for himself, his position as Queen's tious. But unluckily for himself, his position as Queen's Printer made nim very rich, and as Mrs. Spottiswoods liked society, he became the chief scientific entertainer of the day. When foreign scientific grandees gravitated toward London, Mr. Spottiswoode was their host and invited all learned, artistic and scientific London to meet them. It was very pleasant for everybody but poor Spottiswoode, who to my thinking seemed a little weary of it all, of giving and receiving entertainments, of music and of dining, of sitting up late and of scoial work, for work it is. The preximate cause of his death was typhoid fever, sequired, it is said, in Italy.

As that grand old sportsman, Mr. Lane-Fox, says:

What the devil do they want in Italy i This is good enough for me "—meaning Brembam Moor in winter and London in the season, with \$20,000 a year to spend in horses, hounds and ecctoras.

Artistic, feeling or seathetic humbug, whichever one likes, has a great deal to answer for in the way of val-uable lives. The example of Spottiswoode, of poor young Mulholland, Sir John Lubbock's son-in-law, and young Mulholland, Sir John Lubbock's son-in-law, and of many others, goes to prove that an artistic town has its dangers. From personal experience I can averthat English country-houses, especially fine old abbeys, grand old eastles and the like, are far from being invarigrand old eastles and the like, are far from being invari-ably solubrisms, but the best of them are fairly whele-soms. But from Rome, Nuremberg, Cologne, Avignous Freiburg, Limburg, Rouen, and as a rule all Continents towns with architectural and archmological beauty.

beg to be delivered. The best plan is to see the archi-tectural and archieological stuff culre deux frains, and never, no never, sieep in the fine old crusted cities, rank with the filth of any number of centuries. In the so-called health-resorts on the Riviera, between Genoa and Marseilles, the stenenes are sickening. Every year some-body I know comes home a wreck from Nice or dies at Mentone, the latter the most stinking place I ever smell except the old town of Monaco, which with all its fine natural drainage is dreadful.

Possibly the odoriferous old towns would not seriously Possibly the observed who live generously, but most ex-affect strong people who live generously, but most ex-tainly they attack weak or elderly persons, a little overdone with business or pleasure without being actually ill. This is precisely the condition in which Mr. Spottiswoode found himself when the typhoid fever pade ha fatal attack.

Hence I regard him as a victim to his good-nature in participating in and organizing amusements which per-sonally did not amuse him. But at least he was a rich I could mention at least half a dozen painters and one sculptor who are not rich men but who might do im tortal work if their lives were not wasted in doing it numerable portraits, busts and other "pot-boilers" in order to maintain a grand house and an extravagant family, demanding luxuries far beyond their position in What is most curious is that these brilliantly successful men are married to very commonplace women of the middle, sometimes lower middle class, without an idea beyond the essentially vulgar one of pushing themselve into society quite beyond their calibre. Their husbands allow themselves to be chained to their chariot-wheel and dragged about night after night to balls and parties which to them are utter dreariness. Sculptors and painters look very pale in the morning, for they must get up early to maintain their train of life by earning money to "run" their big houses and feed their multiudinous children, servants and horses.

This is of a piece with the vulgar bourgeois idea which invades and poisons every section of English society. If you happen to be a county baronet or broad-acred quire, your dream is to get the Prince and Princess of Wai es to come down and stay with you for a few days at your historic home. This honor, in shooting phrase, "wipes the eye" may hap of the Lord Lieutenant, whose property is so heavily involved that he cannot "lay down "two or three thousand pheasants in order to secure a couple of good days' shooting in his woods, without which Royalty (with a guttaral " E") does not care about dinners and balls to meet county magnates. must spend a huge sum in doing up boose and gardens 'lay on " extra horses and carriages, and, in short, spend small fortune in ready money over a job of this kind. But the glory of it will last your lifetime, and the apartments occupied by the Prince and Princess will be pointed out by your descendants to generations of gaping guesta.

If you have not good shooting and ask people of any account to come in the shooting season, you are regarded as an impudent and frandulent rascal, your wife as a pert, pushing woman, and both of you as " on the make." A poor bag of grouse, partridge or pheasants, provokes andible grumbling. The crack shots curse you not loudly but deeply for putting them to the cost of railway fare for selves and servants for a couple of da a Private theatricals may make things pad sport." all right with the women, but men will only be satisfied with good sport and good dinners. Some even growl if they cannot get a good whist or game of billiards at night. In London it is purely a question of refreshments at the thousand and one parties now going on. At really great houses the fond is always good, except at lunches which is regarded as a mongrel meal. To me there is an enormous difference between the Frenchman's dejenner and the Englishman's luncheon. The former is a de-lightful repast always beginning, in the season, with oysters, while the latter has to me always the faint of rechauffe. I shudder to say so, but I am convinced that the cooks, even of Mayfair and Belgravia, do not make fresh side-dishes for lunch, but "ring in" those left from yesterday's dinner. This may be economy in some scholds, but it is shabbiness in those endowed with £40,000 a year. I need hardly say that I never accept any invitation to luncheon in town. I prefer eating mine at the club, where there are no children and no réchaufés side-dishes; but there is no club in London where you can lunch as you do in a Parisian restaurant like Eignon's or the Café Anglais.

London is greatly disappointed with Mme. Pierso and the Vandeville Company, declaring that "Odette" was vastly better played at the Haymarket by Mme. Modjeska. Mme. Pierson is also too matronly for het part in "Le Nabob "in which Dupuis scored a distinct suc-cess. It is, however, far too hot for the theatre just now. Yesterday it was 85°, Fahrenheit, in the shade

New Yesterday it was 85°, Fahrenheit, in the shade.

We are somewhat agog concerning the banquet to Mr. Henry Irving on the 4th of July. As only five hundred of us can be present, at least five thousand wish to be, and we who were early in the field as altewards, committee, and so toth, are enjoying the discounditure of better men who are ke t out by their slowness in joining the movement. We are a little despondent as to the banquet itself, for the food at such entertainments, however highly paid for, is never suifactory, but there is no doubt that "art, and letters and all that "will be fairly represented. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge in the chair is a guarantee for one good speech at least, and he rest of the erastery promises to be up to the mark. The unbappy secretary, Mr. Pinckes, and of friend of Mr. Irving, is nearly maddened by frattle applicants for the cit. "Rhyming peers," literary Members of Parlament and esthetic stock-brokers are moving the whole fabric of society with potent leverage, but in vain. The Peer like the Peri is left outside the gates of Faradise th mode du thrâbre. But the celebration will be a "hig thing."

In the matter of speechifying Mr. Irving, who is a very good and ready speaker, took a preliminary canter at the literal and the selection of the second of the lateral and the selection of the second of the lateral and the selection of the content of the lateral and the selection of the lateral and the selection of the selection of the lateral and the late In the matter of specentrying Mr. Iving, who is a good and ready speaker, took a preliminary canter at the Rabelais Club on Sumiay lart. The Rabelaisian met, as usual, at the Grosvenor Gallery Restaurant, and devoured what you would in New-York call a "mean dinner." I thought it a very rean meal to eat in house of Rabelais, but the Grosvenor may not be equal to truffes à la servicite or caliles à la bohâmienne. The speeches, however, were distinctly good, especially those made by Mr. Irving, Mr. Sala and Mr. Bret Harte, who is again to the fore with us.

I hear that Mr. James Russell Lowell, our well-beloved an erican Minister, will unveil a bust of Henry Fielding in Taunton next month. Miss Margaret Thomas has made the bust, which will be placed in the Shire Hall among other Somersetshire worthers, all more or less connected with America, such, for instance, as Blake and Drake.

I hear that the obstinacy of the Lords in the matter the Decement Wife's States bill has ords in the matter I hear that the obstinacy of the Lores in the matter of the Decembed Wife's Sister bill has caused much wrath in celestial bosons. I am told that many of the Peers ob-jected to come to town unless their expenses were paid. "To this complexion have we come at last," It may not be generally known in A merica that there is a kind of Peers' Benevolent Fund—a sort of Benefit Society.

The Prince of Walca is very staunch to the persons whom he honors with his friendship. He want recently to a midnight performance of Madame Judic at the New Club, once the Paistaff, once Evans's of savory

The Gymnsec Company has not drawn in London as it deserved, parely owing to the outrageous conduct of Koning, its manager, who does alt in his power to exasperate his subordinates. Marais, the first young man of the company, has been kept in Paris, and Achard has been allowed to appear only in third-rate paris. Mille, Réjane, who sang in Paris, nade up as young Herrotardt, the comic song "Via ce que m'a dit maman," has made in "Monsicur to Ministre" a bit which enhances that of "Gia." In each play she takes the part of an intrigante, and, bating a tendency to over-act, is very successful.

After all, the United States have finished badly in th After all, the United States have finished badly in the chess tournament. Zukertort and Steinizz, a German and Bohemian, both English by adoption, win the first and second prizes, while Blackburne, a "Lancashire lad." takes the third. Tsenigorn seems likely to take the fourth to Lucsia, and then come the Americans, Mackenzie and Mason spaides with Rosenta al and English from France and Germany. Seliman, a brilliant player, has done poorly, and Mortimer figures prominently in the rear. This International Tournament is the richest in money prizes ever held, the first prize heing \$1,500, or \$300, the second £175, the third £150, and so on.

HOW WARSTER AIDED CHOATE.

Prom The Boston Budget.

Daniel Webster's financierung is the subject of many anecdotes at Washington, and one of them thus describes how he one day assisted his friend Rufus Choate. Choate needed \$500 and he applied to Mr. Webster. "Five hundred dollars!" said Webster. "No, I haven't that amount, but I will get it for you, Choate." The latter was glad to hear it, and would wait. "Draw your note," said Webster, "Pil sun it and bring you the money. While you are about it make the note for a thousand; a thousand is a seasy to get as five hundred." Mr. Choate said that five hundred," said Webster. The note was drawn and Mr. Webster, taking his cane, went into the avenue. "Good morning, Mr. Corcoran, good morning," said be as he entered the great banking house which was the fiscal agent of the Government. "Good morning, Mr. Scoretary," said the great banker in the blandest manner. "What is it I can do for you this morning, Mr. Scoretary," where was Secretary of Sistes at the time. "A little favor for was Secretary of Sistes at the time. "A little favor for was Secretary of Sistes at the time." "A little favor for was Secretary of Sistes at the time. ment. "Good morning, Mr. Scoretary," said the reat banker in the blandest manner. "What is it I on for you this morning, Mr. Secontary?" Mr. Webstwas Secretary of State at the time. "A little favor fonly friend Cheste. He wants a little money, and I to limit thought I could get it for him. A thousand, I believe, he made his note for," passing the paper to the

lieve, he made his note for," passing the paper to the banker.

There was no such thing as hesitating, much less deciming, and so the banker was only happy to accommodate the head of Mr. Filimore's Administration. The gold was laid out in two equal piles at Mr. Webster's request. Futting one in each pooket, and with one of the bows which Mr. Webster only could give, he departed. "Here, Choate, here is the five hundred," and the great expounder, estering where Chyate was waiting. Handling him the gold, Mr. Webster resumed his reading where he had been interrupted by Choate's entrance. It is further stated that Mr. Corooran hus in his collection of autographs a note for \$1,000 signed by Rafus Choate and indersed by Daniel Webster.

MISTRESS KAY'S EPITAPH.

VITA UXORIS HONESTAL To line at home in howswyverie,
To order well my famylye,
To are they line not inilye,
To bringe upe childrene vertnisley
To relyene poor louik willinglye;
This is my care with modestye,
To leads my lyfe in honestye. BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD

WAY LOUNGER The Cincinnati Orchestra at Brighton Beach seems to be antagonized by some censors because it is not a New-York orchestra. This style of previncial calonsy is unfailing evidence of the want of metropol-itan origin and spirit. The best is none too good for New-York, and this city's own musicians are of every nativity but American. The Brand and Ballenberg Band is the most experienced and most carefully selected in the West.

Having tried Coney Island a week, I am prepared to be an adviser. Always look at the driver of the carriage an activer. always look at the pier, to see if he is not which you are getting at the pier, to see if he is sober; for a more godless set of castaways are hardly to be found than those conducting the hacks between the pler and the civitized parts of the island. One of them last week, with his back full of gentlemen and ladies, drove into another carriage and wanted to fight with his whip an offending or rival driver there, indifferent to whip an olienting or rival driver there, indinerent to scroaming women or plunging horses. Another was so drunk last Monday night that he stepped and fought with his companion on the box for criticising his reckless driving, at the manifost danger of his horses running away, with gentlemen in the carriage. The elevated rallroad at 3 cents fare is preferable to these hacks. Next, he promed at the bland as as for howe the needed Next, be roomed at the Island so as to have the needed rest and place to extend the body. Rooms are plentiful at the Brighton and the Manhattan too, and a doublebedded room for a pair of friends is cheap. Third, take meals at the table d'Aois, particularly breakfast, and keep out of the rush of people till the music hours of afternoon and evening, when everybody is composed and well-dressed. The morning for writing and a walk, the noor for a bath, the afternoon for a nap, and the evening for nusic, fill the day.

I asked Channey M. Depew at Long Branch how he managed to make so many good speeches and work so hard in his profession. Said he: "Everybody, I suppose, can do one thing. however small it is, with more ease than something clas. These off-hand dinner speeches seldom give me any care, while they afford me relief. I cannot always accept such invitations, but I like to please where I can. Some time ago I addressed the editors of New-York State; that is to say, the country editors, whom I admire for their layalty to their countie and communities. I think they constitute one of the most healthy portions of the Press. When I made them a speech a Democratic paper suddenly discovered that I had manœuvred myself before them in order insidiously to commit them to 'the railroad monopoly.' It was resented the imputation on me, knowing that they had invited me and that I had consented with some reluctance to speak. One of them, a sterling Democratic editor, wanted to go right up into the daily newspaper office and settle the thing, 'and,' said he, 'that kind o reatment of our guest will not help our friend to any circulation in my county.' I had to smile," said Mr. Depew, " at the earnest way in which he took it."

An emineut Western railroad president told'me a story ome time ago about Jav Gould confusing a man with a patent. An ingenious Western editor about fourteer rears are invented a conscience for conductors of ratiroads in the shape of a metallic box which contained the tickets and prevented thefts. The box was something like a large brick and had to be carried in the hand He finally got a contract to put it on the Lake Shore Railroad before the consolidation was achieved, and about thirty-five conductors were already groaning and After the consolidation more than one hundred conduc-tors would have to use it, and my informant was at his wita end to know how to get rid of it. The invento came often with the box and talked up its merits by the hour, and sometimes laid ou; his contract as if tosay tha he stood on his bond, and once, imagining that his friend thought the box was not quite perfected, he had it made of another metal and came in triumphantly at the very moment that Jay Gould, who then had the Erie Ralltoad, was paying a visit to his Western factor. A lucky thought struck the latter and he bounced from his chair and introduced Mr. Jay Gould to the gentleman who had patented the conscience ticket-box. The occasion inspired the inventor and he went on an i elaborated the ature of the box until he was absolutely ent of breath, Gould not saying one word meantime. After getting reath the inventor remarked: "Is there any defewhatever in this box, Mr. Gould !" " Yes, I think so, said Gould in his very quiet voice. "Name it!" "Why, your conductor might substitute another box for it, and deal the tickets out of the false box, as the wrong pack of cards is given out of the counterfeit box at the fare objection was entirely novel and for the moment unanswerable.

John Todd, son of the war Governor of Ohio, is siderable of a wag. About once a week he has a " stag card party at his house in Cleveland, and the same circle of friends meet together and practical jokes are in order. Among these is a young merchant who has made a re-spectable fortune and is wisely about to retire at the age of forty so as to give his time to reading, philosophy and friends. On the card-party night it was the method of this friend to prepare himself for the abundant supper served. He took no ding day and but a little lunch, and therefore his good appetite was remarked and incited these wags to a scheme. Cannon came to the party on a particular evening the host remarked that his cook had gone away and the steward had met with an accident, and that there unfortunately was nothing to eat but bread and cheese. Brother Cannon, who had a large hollow place in his Brother Cannon, who had a large hollow place in his bread-basket, thereupon philosophicaly feil to the bread and cheese, not observing that the plate was pushed to him frequently, and as the oards performed their part game after game, he stowed away about a pound of cheese and the same weight of crackers, staying his appetite, though somewhat differently from his preconceptions. Sud-denly, when it was observed that he would have no more choose or crackers, the door of the dining-room flew open and there was disclosed quall on toast, sweethreads v peas, pale de foie gras, and the most delicious things in The others, who had played off on the erackers and cheese, raised a loud roar of laughter as they walked in and overwhelmed the guest, already full, with supplications to eat.

Charles Delmonico now inherits the whole business of his celebrated family, having lost two or three weeks ago the last of his forerunners. He was a favorite nephew, and has always had the friendship and respect of the numerous varieties of people who have frequented the different Delmonico establishments. Never a demon-strative man, but always quiet and friendly as becomes a real host, he made the requaintance of every one who obtained credit or prominence in New-York circles, and of strangers, and was but a slight respecter of persons, all with faith and modesty. Perhaps the east est rendering of this name in English would be Mr. Hill, as monico means the little mountain or the foot-hill.

A gentleman from Detroit was telling me a few days ago about summer houses and the slight hold they have upon their owners. Said he: "At the southwestern end of Lake Erie are several beautiful islands, cool in sum mer, surrounded with good fishing and as well adapted for villas as the Thousand Islands. From Cleveland and other points around the lakes people have come to these islets and put up houses frequently costing \$2,000, as timber is very easily obtained there directly from the Michigan forests by water. The first season they are rejoiced with the villa and wonder they never had it before. The next season they find it to be of a certain sameness and the young ladies begin to say that they have no company unless they invite it down. The third season the idea of that villa gets to be like an imperative command to come and be a captive. Complaints increase, and the fourth season, perhaps, they go off to Europe, and propably do not return for years, and want to sell the summer house." Somewhat similar are expericz ces close by. The late William Garrison put up the finest house in the region of Long Branch, costing, it is said, with the land, \$125,000. This summer it is not occupied at all, and the widow and family are in Europe and want to sell the place.

David M. Hildreth, of the West End Hotel, Long Branch, kept the St. Charles Hotel, New-Orleans, when Butler occupied that city in 1862. Though a native of New-Hampshire, Mr. Hildreth, then a young man and New-Hampshire, Mr. Hildreth, then a young man and his children born in New-Orleans, felt somewhat with his neighbors on the armed invasion of his adopted State, and being a favorite there as here, he saw much of the Confederate leaders. He said to me a few days go:

I have a good deal of respect for Ben Butler's moral conrage. Everybody in New-Orleans expected that he would be killed, and on the occasion of the funeral of a young rebsi who had been killed at Baton Ronge a monster procession was gotten up. Butler remarked: 'I hear some talk about killing me, and I want them to fire So he rode all around the etreets a con part of that day when they were crowded, with a few staff officers. His enemies could not help saying: 'There is nothing shaky about that old fellow.'"

"Did I ever tell you," continued Mr. Hildreth, " abmy all-night talk with Butler ! You know he occupied my hotel, the St. Charles, for his headquarters, and put

me out. I moved but a house the lead eistern and pig of which were out of condition, and consequently my w and son had lead-poisoning, from the consequence of which one of my boys is to this day very lame. I ex-pected my wife to die, and white I was sitting at her bedside a servant came up and said, 'There is a military flicer at the door who wants you.' I went down and asked what the matter was. 'I have an order for your arrest,' said he. 'I can't go,' I replied; 'I am probably at the death-bed of my wife.' 'I can't help that,' ably at the death-bed of my wife.' 'I can't neep that, and the officer. 'It is peremptory.' 'Well, if I must, I must, I must, said I; so I sent for a carriage and was taken to the Custom House. I told thom the situation and it was suggested that I had better go to see Butler himself. Said I: 'General, what am I arrested for i' 'You know as well as I do,' enid he. 'Certainly I have done nothing, General, since you came to the city, and whatever ing, General, since you came to the city, and whatever was done before that, you know all about; besides, my wife is dangerously ill.' 'You go down to the Custom House,' said Butler, 'and give bond in \$20,000 not to leave New-Orleans, which I hear you are about to da.' So I went down there and gave the bond. Time passed on and my rife became better but the doctor told me to on and my wife became better, but the doctor told me to take her on a salitus vessel to Europe, as it was impera-tive for her restoration. Butler then occupied the Gen-eral Twiggs mansion, and I went up there and saw one this leading officers and told him my errand. Said he of his leading omeers all Butler to-day.' I must see him,' said I; 'there is a vessel here just about to sail, and I want to know whether I can go with my wife and 'I advise you not to see General Butler,' said amily. he; 'he is unusually ont of sorts to-day, and says "No" to everything.' 'Nover mind; let me see him.' The officer went in, and came out in a few minutes, saying: 'This is very strange: the General says that you are to come up here at 8 e'clock this evening. He seemed to receive your message with the first goodnature I have seen for several days.' So I was at Butler's house on the moment, as he was just coming out from dinner. 'Come in here,' said he; and he at once gave orders that nobody should be admitted to him that ening, no matter who or on what errand. He asked me how my wife was. I told him she was better at vanted to take her away, and explained. He then went into a dissertation on lead-poisoning which lasted half an hour. That suggested something clse to him, and in the most singular manner he continued to talk from topic to topic until it was past 1 o'clock. Said I: 'General, I topic until it was past I o choose.

What release it was past I o choose.

Why, I am under bond here not to leave the city.

Oh, pshaw! said Butler, go down to the Caston. House and see Major — ' But they won't give it to me.' Yes, they will,' said Butler, 'you go there. I don't want to see any more of you,' said he in his offhand way. I went down there next day, and to my surprise they released my bond and let me start for Spain, and that was the last I saw of New-Orleans."

"You never saw my oldest son," said Mr. Hildreth I have got a son forty-two years old, by my first wife. Here is a piece of poetry he has just sent nie, speaking favorably of General Butler, though my son was in the Confederate Army." He then showed the piece, which was quite clever. "There is a queer genius," said Hildreth; " when the war closed my boy was so poorly re constructed that he would not stay in the country, and got up a colony to go to the Argentine Confederation, and there he founded a town and worked away several years; but fate was against him and I had at last to send him money to come home with. Then I put him in a broker's office, where he gave perfect satisfaction, and finally a bought him a seat in the Board. After he had tried it a few years he came to me and said: 'Father, I guess you had better sell that seat. I am going up to see Mary and Sallie at Swampscott.' Mary and Sallie were his grandmothers, of old Puritan stock. That boy had eleven grandmothers and grandfathers at the san dime; that is to say, our generations lived so long that his grandfathers and grandmothers and their ancestors were alive at one time to the number of eleven. He had were alive at one time to the number of eleven. He had two grandmothers, you see, and their two parents were living, and also his great-great-grandparents. My son went up there and there he has lived for ten years, catches fish like his ancestors in the early days of the colony, and sends them up to Boston market, and seems perfectly contented in the old Bay State, though he gave the freshest years of his life to the Southern cause. gives nobody any trouble, writes me letters on things and matters philosophically, and here, as you see, he is taking the part of Butler, who arrested his father."

Joseph Willard, the elder of the well-known Willard Brothers at Washington, who has been a recluse for many years and of whom stiff stories are told about his severity with debtors, etc., performed an act some time ago which, though little known, has astonished and omewhat revolutionized Washington sentiment. Joseph G. Cooke, the lessee of Willard's Hotel, died saddenly with an almost expired lease, and his widow had about \$70,000 worth of furniture in the house. There was a rush on the part of hotel men from all parts of the country to get the property, and they all indulged the supposition that if they obtained the lease Mrs. Cooke would have to sacrifice her furniture, and they could get it for a mere song. But Mr. Willard stepped forward and leased the widow the hotel, knowing that she would not undertake to operate it, but resolved that whoever leased it should take her furniture on equitable terms. Consequently she got about \$60,000 for the furniture, or nearly its full value, since no one could lease the hotel without including the chattels.

Montgomery Blair, who has not had much to say about was the lion against " condoning the Great Fraud," married the daughter of Levi Woodbury, who was Andrew Jackson's Secretary of the Treasury and of the Navy, and who filed the former office under Van Buren as well, and was a New-Hampshire Senator and Justice of the Supreme Court; he died in 1851. Pannibal Hamlin remarked to me in a recent conversation: " I was in favor of Mr. Woodbury's nomination to be President in place of General Cass in 1948. Had he been nominated there would not have been the schism of Mr. Van Buren, who having put Woodbury in his former Cabinet would not have opposed him. I think," said Mr. Hamlin, "that Woodbury was one of the ablest men New-England has ever had in public life; not the peer of Daniel Webster, but ranking with Mr. Collamor, Mr. Edmunds and the

Mr. O'Brien, the manager of the Southern Express Company, who is much of the time in New-York, said to this day since I entered the service of Adams Express as the driver of a wagon. Mr. Adams, the founder of the company, kept a bar in early life." I inquired about Mr. H. B. Plant, the president of the Southern Express Company, and Mr. O'Brien said: " He came originally from the Eastern States, but has lived very many years at Augusta, Ga., and is one of the chief railroad He owns the railroad south of Savannah, not only to Jacksonville and the Appalachicola River, but he has built a line to Tampa Bay in South Florida, and will put on steamers next winter to make the run across to Havana in twenty-three hours, so that less than one day and night of sea voyage will flivide the people in New-York from Cuba, which I think will become th most popular resort of Americans."

I saw at Long Branch recently Mr. William Singerles of Philadelphia, a young-appearing man, who is reputed to be genial and hospitable, and who has not only managed one of the largest properties in this country in atreet railroads but has managed his newspaper, The Record, which he bought from the son of William M. Swayne, so that it has one of the largest circulations in the world. His son-in-law, Mr. Balch, told me that he would make \$150,000 out of The Record this year. Another Philadelphia journalist told me that almost without exception the Philadelphia newspapers were now profitably managed, and they have unque much improved in the past five or six years. Mr. Balch is of a Virginia family and was educated in New-England, and obtained reputation there for his feats of reporting, such as tracing the absconding Winslow to Europe and running him down, and identifying Chastine Cox in the arrests of Boston, though he had Cox in the streets of Boston, though he had never seen Cox before. This last feat led to Mr. Balch going to Philadelphia to be a managing editor, and his handsome appearance and independence of character attracted Miss Singeriey to him. He has since written a number of

ONE OF CLAY'S STORIES.

General Dearborne, of Boston, was a guesat this dinner to Latayette. At that day gentlemes especially lawyers, were much in the habit of taking anuft, and in this habit the general had so long findulges especially lawyers, were much in the habit of taking souff, and in this habit the general had as iong indulged and to such excess, that he had almost entirely lost his voice. Mr. Clay was also fond of snuff, so fond that he would never carry a box, lest be should indulge the habit to such excess as to higher his voice—his splendid, silvertoned, moleculous voice. There was, nowever, a tobacce store on Pennsylvania-ave., where he usually stopped on passing to get a pinch of fine maccaboy. Passing the place the morning after the great dinner meoumpanywith General Dearborne, he stopped, as usual inviting his friend in to test the quality of Mr. Tobacconist's snuff. As they were southing away, General Dearborne remarked that usual injured some men's voices, "but," said he, with what little vocal power south had left him, "it has never affected min- in the least." Mr. Clay used to relate this anecdore with great humor, indicating, is doing so, General Dearborne's piping tones, to the infinite amusement of his company.

Leadville clergymen are becoming very particular. One of 'em got mad at a fureral where he was to officiate, because the master of coremonics notified his to begin by remarking: "New, aid heat, life you nive."

CANADIAN VILLAGE LIFE.

FROM ANOCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THETRIBURE!

CENES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE THE RELIGIOUS AND HOME LIFE OF THE "HAM. TANS"-SLOW ADVANCE OF MODERN IDEAS.

STE. MARIE DE MONNOIR, July 8 .- A che

STE. MARKE DE MONNOIR, July 5.—A charm, and inexpensive journey from New-York up the Hudson to Albany and thence to Cape Vincent and down the St. Lawrence; or from Afbany by way of Lake Goorge, Lake Champlain and Plattaburg, takes one to where he may exist coelly during the heated term in the midst of a life as quaint and foreign to a New-Yorker as eighteenth-century France would be. Take for an objective point the little village of Ste. Marie de Monnoig, jective point the little village of Ste. Marie de Monnois, by rail twenty miles from Montreal or half a day's ride from Plattsburg. Either way this place is approached the latter part of the journey is through a flat country broken only by lines of graceful sims or knots of still poplars, and by solitary, dome-like mountains rising abruptly against the horizon. These mountains are detached members of the Green Mountain range, and is detached members of the Green Mountain range, and is the journey from Plattsburg one may note how the con-fused mass which forms the chain becomes broken into distinct groups, which in turn separate into individuals. Leaving behind the railway station, which is called Maryville in the time-table, a grassy iane leads to the village. Ste. Marie has about 2,500 inhabitants, mostly owners of the small farms which radiate in narrow owners of the small farms which radiate in narray strips from the outskirts of the village. The streets are crooked and uneven. Most of the houses slong them are weather-beaten and have steep sables, red roofs, dormer windows, and great rambling chimneys. The abops are, for the most pert, distinguished from the dwellings only by the signs "Merchandies Seckes," "Magazin General," or something of the sort. Where the streets dwindle to lanes and foot-paths, the dwellings become whitewashed cottages, ornamented with red roofs and shutters and containing only one or the rooms. Something may be learned of the inhabitants red roofs and shutters and containing only one or two rooms. Something may be learned of the inhabitant before entering their homes. On many doors may be seen cards reading: "Arretes, le sacre cour de Jesus est avec moi "; which any old woman will tell one is to "keep away the thunder." Roadside shrines, consisting of a weeden cross surmounted by a git cock, are numerous and are believed by their owners to secure good harvests in the neighboring fields. The sounds of church and convent belis are heard at all bours. On gaia days the tricolor floats everywhere. The "hab-itan" is loyal in heart to the country and religion of his forefathers; the Queen's English and the Church of Engand are ignored by him. SCENES OF CHURCH AND HOME LIFE.

In the heart of the village are the Roman Catholic buildings: church, convents, hospital and college. These the stranger as well as the "habitan" finds a These the stranger as well as the "habitan" finds a centre of interest. The church, built of stone and yellow cement, with its arched chancel and long guleric leading to the pricata' apartments, surmounted by a roof of the favorite Venetian red and adorned with a slender glittering spire; the old brick college with its shrubby gardens and its avenue of trees down which gleams a statue of the Virgin; the convent of rough stone with its immense chimneys and its ricketty plazza, where on pleasant days the Maries among the Gray nuns may be seen pacing, book and beads in hand, while the Marthae prepare the dinner or hoe in the kitchen garder; the less protentions convent of the rival Black nuns—rivals only in good works, no doubt; the section, markets the Virgin; the convent of rough stone with its immens convent of the rival Black num-rivals only in good works, no doubt; the sentinel poplars and fragrant shrubbery; the foot-bridge over the brook—a short cut to the village stores;—these, to the unused eyes of the visitor, are striking and attractive features. Inside the church there may be music stealing from the dim organ loft, the tiny altar tamp is always burning, like a spark kept to kindle the full flame of devotion, and there is

generally some one a. prayer in the state.

One may pass out into the church-yard who wooden slabs and crosses whose inscriptions always begin "ci git," and where there are banks of golden-red and taistle against the stone wall which shuts out everything but the blue summi, of Belwil. There is an air of sheltering quiet here that seems to give assurance of a Power to protect and bless the dead. If the

sheitering quiet here that seems to give assurance of a Power to protect and bless the dead. If the "habitan" were a more serious person, one could well fascy this to be one of the ties which bind him to his religion; but he is careless and light-hearted, and probably enjoys his religion chiefly because it appeals to his eye and ear and because it relieves him of responsibility.

In front of the church an open space contains a strine of St. Joseph and two stands for speakers. On Sunday this space is filled with the clumay, two-wheeled chardies of the farmers, and after matins the stands are used from which to announce a pilgrimage or jockey-race, at to exchange farm produce. Bunday is a holiday. The young people get together to dance after their religious duties are performed, and the day i ed generally for visits and merrymaking. The luxur, of fresh meat is indulged in only on Sundays and Saints'days. In fact, except for mik and eggs, the "habitan" would live poorly, his potato-pic, bacon fried in maple syrup, and other unique diahes, notwithstanding. His bread is baked in a kind of four de la commune, the farmer formatising his own flour; and at noon every day the streets are filled with gypsy-looking children running from the bakery, sach with a huge leaf of the coarse but plattable bread. The furniture of the poorer class is or the rudest sort; houe-made benches, tablee and chests, and yawning fire-places. When stoves are used "bey are of sheet iron and are placed in the wall between two rooms.

The women dress in homespin skirts and blo ascs, and in rude straw hats which they plaif. Sabots are not uncommon, though the mon frequently adopt the Indian meccasin. Seeding a stout woman in the street with a yoke across her shoulders balancing two pails of water from the brook; in the harvest field with scythe or slokie; or through an open door-way apinning or capities wo in the disky interior, one's sense of the filtess of things.

The "habitan," although somewhat suspicious of strangers from the "States," is in

INROADS OF CIVILIZATION AND PROTESTANTISM. INROADS OF CIVILIZATION AND PROTESTANTISM.
Such aspects of life are common to Sto. Marie, St.
Gregoire, Ste. Angele, St. Hilaire, and scores more of
Saints' towns which dot the map of Quebec. It must be
admitted that modern civilization has made inroads, especially in the railroad towns: "Calmant Sirop pour is
dentition des Enfants," and other well-known patent
medicines, masquerading in French names, are in the
queer little shops; posters for "Le Grand Cirque de
Forepaugh" stick to the fences; and occasionally a
mowing machine alternates with the women harvesters.
However, one can shut his eyes to these familiar objects
the has come to see only what is strange and foreign. if he has come to see only what is strange and foreign. In Ste. Marie, too, there are, what is not universal, a

If he has come to see only what is strange and foreign. In Ste. Marie, too, there are, what is not universal, few Protestant French families and a small Protestant church and school. This church and school-house were built with the aid of the Grande Ligne Mission, which claims 25,000 French-Canadian converts to Protestantism. The naive recital of their conversions and of subsequent persecutions and ostracism which the older members of this irtie church teil, and the old men's recoilections of the releibon of 1837, form interesting and often exciting tales to listen to on a cool evening, comfortably stretched before a blazing fireplace. The few Protestant families are still restricted by inclination or necessity to their own society, and the colporteur or the traveller of their own society, and the colporteur or the traveller of their own society, and the colporteur or the traveller of their own society, and the colporteur or the traveller of their own society, and the colporteur or the traveller of their own faith is eagerly welcomed. One family the writer knew who gained society by taking pupils in French to board, and Madame had a list of were two hundred scholars, mostly from the United States, whom she had taught in diffeen years.

If one exhaust his interest in this little village and its inhabitants before the summer is over he can vary its monotony by excursions. Beledi Mountain, nine miles away, has a pretty lake and a large summer hotel on its aide, and a magnificent view from its ammute of level country threaded by the St. John and Richelea rivers, specked by manerous villages, and on clear days skirted by Lake Champlain. A little chapel was erected on this high point by the wife of Major Campbell, during the Rebellion, and she is said to have come here daily to pray for aim. At Chambly, six miles away, is the ruin of a redoubtable fort, dating, as the lascription over the gateway records, from 1711. At Rougemont, twe miles of, one may on a Sanday join an English pepile, who speak English brokenly, li

A DUDE EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

HE ROUTS AN IMPUDENT ITALIAN BOOTBLACK WITH

THE SIGN OF THE EVIL-EYE. There is an Italian cripple of singularly baleful and malevelent aspect who haunts Union and Malison Squares, plying his vocation as a boot-black. This creature supports himself on a stick, and his method of appealing for custom is to point this stok at the shees of passers-by and to shout in a voice as hearse and disagreeable as the creak of a raven, "Shina, mister! Sains, five cents!" A dude faultlessly attired to the genuine British style, and who might have been taken for an Englishman anywhere, so perfect was als get-up sed so good his form, came sunitering along past the oripple, who immediately pointed his stick at the respicatently varnished and pointed boots of the dude, and commenced his doloful ditty of "Shina! five cents, ahma!" As the boots of the victim were in a condition of pollah far beyond the utmost efforts of any inherant boothisek. It was obvious that the cripple was amasing himself at the dude's expense—"giving him the langth," in the picture-squalanguage of the Bewery. The dude showed maigns of annoyance, but instantly thrust his hand under the nose of the cripple, with the first and fourth lugars extended, the other fingers and though the the hashing. This in the whole of Italy, and oppecially in the Basili-There is an Italian cripple of singularly bale-

extended, use meanth of Italy, and especially in the Basili-ration of the Nonpolitan region, is a sign against the evil-cata and the Nonpolitan region, is a sign against the evil-cate and is habitually reasted to by Italians to get ris of the mainted, orippied, bandaged vermin of begans of the mainted, orippied, bandaged vermin of begans that flock around well-dressed people beseching alm that flock around well-dressed people beseching and that flock around well-dressed people beseching and